

Fair and continued cold tonight; temperature about 15 degrees above zero.

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## MR. MUNSEY ON JOURNALISM

Address at Yale University Last Evening in the Isaac H. Bromley Lectureship Course.

He Discusses the Newspaper of Today and Sketches the Newspaper of the Future--He Says We Need a New School of Journalists and a More Condensed and Reliable Newspaper--Splendid Possibilities for the Journalist of the Coming Generation--The Golden Age of the Salaried Man--Anxiety Over Our New Economic System Not Well Founded--A Glimpse at a Magazine Editorial Room--The Demand for Fiction Increasing All the While, and the Supply Wholly Insufficient.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 12.—Mr. Munsey, who was chosen as the Bromley lecturer at Yale University this year, delivered his address yesterday evening. By the terms of the endowment of this lecture course, founded two years ago by the widow of the late Isaac H. Bromley, author and journalist, in honor of her husband, President Hadley arranged each year for a course of lectures at Yale on journalism, literary or public affairs. The first lecturer was Whitelaw Reid, and the second was G. Lowes Dickinson of London, who filled the Bromley chair last year.

Mr. Munsey spoke yesterday evening on "Journalism." His address follows:

I have no knowledge of the manner in which the distinguished men who preceded me in this course of lectures handled their subject. Neither do I know what was the precise purpose of the founder of the course.

If it was that these talks be in the nature of practical instruction in journalism, I must admit in the outset that the subject is not rich in possibilities, and that I am not the man to get the most out of it.

Practical journalism can be learned in the editorial room, not in the college. An attempt to teach you shoemaking from a series of addresses would bring well-nigh as satisfactory results.

The grounding for a career in journalism is the substructure, not the superstructure. The former you can get at your university; the latter must come from the newspaper shop.

I cannot give you any specific formula for newspaper making. No one can. But I will touch upon a few points of a semi-literary and journalistic nature, and will discuss briefly the newspaper of today and sketch the newspaper of the future.

It is the daily paper of the future that means something to you who are to become journalists. On it your career must be worked out, not on the newspaper of the past or the newspaper that is passing.

Basic Essentials of Success.

In a general way I should say that a first rate education, supplemented by wide reading, is the best foundation for a career in journalism. In none of the other professions and in no line of business can there be the direct and constant use of general knowledge.

In journalism, education is the tools with which a man works. He cannot carve out an enduring statue without them, cannot even clothe an idea attractively.

The work of the lawyer is mainly of a legal nature, that of the doctor is compressed within the channel of medical science. But with the journalist there is no such limitation.

His field encompasses the world, and his usefulness is to a considerable extent measured by the practical knowledge he has of this vast expanse.

But education alone never made and never will make a journalist. It must be regarded as merely the rockbed base on which to build.

Next in importance of a well-stored mind is the faculty of accurate observation. This sounds very simple, but to the journalist it is an accomplishment of high order. It is here that so many writers are fundamentally weak. Faithful and accurate work is not possible to them unless they see things and hear things as they are. With this habit of accuracy in seeing and hearing once so fixed upon you that it is a part of your very self, the road to successful journalism and even to literary renown will be open to you and easy to traverse.

The Style That Means Most.

The great thing in journalism is to have something to say, and to the man who sees things the world is full of interesting themes. Style is of minor importance. It is the garnishing of the dish, not the food itself.

The style that means most is that which comes from a man's own soul. Everyone who cuts any figure in life has his own individuality, and it is this very individuality that gives character to style and lifts it out of the rut of the machinery-made stuff.

No man ever gets very far with the public who squares his work to the slant of other writers. We receive for our magazines an average of three thousand manuscripts a month, of one kind and another. Ninety-five per cent of them are copies in style and form and atmosphere. They are colorless imitations.

You would be astounded if you were

to know the vast number of stories or alleged stories that begin on some such stereotyped formulas as these:

"It was night, the moon rode triumphant in the heavens, the spangled sky looked down with chill splendor. The leaves in the forest rustled in a sort of tremor that was ominous of the morrow on whose eve Percival had now arrived."

Or this:

"The sun was setting in a brilliant sea of flame. The hills drank in its glories eagerly, and the river that laved their feet seemed a molten mass as Cedric strode to its brink with sorrow in his heart."

Or again:

"Away back in the years that have fled, things were different from what they are today. Washington had not yet crossed the Delaware, nor had the Alpine snows resounded to the tread of Napoleon."

"In these unlighted days before the trolley car shot athwart the trend of civilization, or the telephone rang its mighty call to commerce, John Renwick was born."

The Tendency to Imitation.

Formerly I read a great many manuscripts, and I always knew what this sort of opening meant. It meant that there was no blood and brawn in the story, nothing worth the reading.

I have rarely seen an exception. It showed that it was manner, not matter, that the writer had submitted, and the manner I knew to be an imitation.

It is interesting to note, as one has an opportunity of doing in the editorial rooms of a magazine, how universally certain authors are copied at different periods. Individuality and originality are the rarest things imaginable with the great army of young writers.

For a great many years, here in America Dickens was the model of the novice. He was the innocent cause of inflicting upon the world more unutterable rubbish than all the authors that preceded or succeeded him.

Then came the rage for the Howells school, a school in which all action and plot were squeezed out. And now the romantic writers who have forged to the front in the last few years are the models for beginners.

Dickens alone could write as Dickens wrote. The imitators inevitably floundered and fell by the wayside. Howells was impossible to the tyro, for with him style and delicacy of handling were the whole thing.

There is one other class of story that rarely pans out. Long experience has demonstrated that it is hardly worth the time to look it over, though, as a matter of fact, we maintain a bureau for reading all manuscripts, good, bad and indifferent.

This particular class of story is the one accompanied by a letter solemnly avowing that the tale is a true one. Notwithstanding the general belief, which is doubtless correct, that truth is stranger than fiction, truth in fiction, accepting the word of these writers, stands for mere drivel.

I would not wish to be understood to hold that a true story cannot be good. It may well be better than pure invention, but it rarely is. The significant fact about the writers who send in stories drawn from actual life is that they have no imagination, and without imagination and fancy one cannot write fiction.

The essential thing in good literature is to have something to say, and to say it simply and clearly—to say it with courage and conviction and in your own individual way. Put fancy into it, intensity into it, honesty into it, and you will come pretty close to producing something that people will wish to read.

The best way to tell your story is to plunge right into it, and let the atmosphere take care of itself, which it is sure to do in good time. The closer you can write to the way you talk, or the way you should talk, the closer you will come to interesting the reader and to attaining a good literary style.

If you try to be literary you will be nothing; if you try to be simple and direct and earnest, you may be literary. You cannot produce literature with the compass and the square. Neither can the chemist give you a formula for it. It is not a question of so much atmosphere with certain other ingredients to a given quantity of idea.

Literature must be in the theme itself as well as in the handling. You cannot write poetry about a rotten log or found literature on a cow pasture.

Dictation and the Typewriting Machine. The practice of dictating to a stenographer and the use of the typewriting machine have done more to degrade literary and journalistic style than anything else. Few men get the thought and quality and fiber into dictated dictations.

(Continued on Third Page.)

## WASHINGTON POOR SHIVER IN THE ICY GRASP OF WINTER

Coldest Weather of the Year Now Experienced.

### NO RELIEF IS IN SIGHT

Clear Skies and a Fall of Mercury Indicated for This Evening.

Within the past twenty-four hours the coldest weather of the winter has visited the city and caused intense suffering on the part of hundreds of persons who have neither fuel, food, nor money with which to purchase these necessities.

All day yesterday, last night and this morning the mercury was anchored at 11 and 12 degrees above zero, which is more than twenty degrees below the freezing point. The weather forecasters promise no relief. They say the temperature will rise just a trifle this afternoon, but tonight the citizens of the National Capital will experience bitter cold weather, with the quicksilver registering 8 or 9 degrees above zero.

Cold Wave General.

The prognosticators declare that the cold wave is general, and that no rise in temperature is expected for at least forty-eight hours. The warmest parts of the country had freezing temperatures last night and this morning. At Jacksonville, Fla., where it is usually about 50 or 55 degrees above zero, a temperature of 28 was recorded.

At Tampa, one of the most southern cities of the Orange State, where 60 is considered the average, 30 and 32 degrees above zero were the prevailing temperatures. The weather prophets say that the sun will not thaw out things before tomorrow evening. The ice and snow will remain on the streets until then, unless the Street Department takes some step toward removing it.

Respite From Snow.

"The moderation tomorrow night," said an official, "will not make it warm enough to snow. The cold, although biting, is not accompanied by wind, and that, at least, is comforting. The thermometer will reach its lowest figure this evening, but there will be only a drop of two or three degrees from the present temperature. The skies will be clear tonight, and there are no prospects of snow falling for some time."

The pavements and streets are covered with ice and heavy hauling and walking are dangerous. Many mishaps have occurred since the snow which fell on Sunday thawed and froze. Last night many persons and horses fell and sustained injured arms and limbs, besides numerous bruises about the body. The ponds and lakes around the city are frozen over, and the smooth, thick surfaces furnish excellent skating for the hundreds of persons who are willing to "freeze their ears off" in order to glide over the ice while the wind sweeps them along.

At Chevy Chase Lake, hundreds of people enjoyed the skating yesterday and last night. The ponds at the Zoo Park and near the Washington Monument were also crowded with pleasure seekers. The big basin is also frozen, and it is there that most of the skaters go, because it is the largest place in the city. Last night a number of boys and girls enjoyed a little coasting over the ice-covered hills of the city.

## STEPHANIE DENIES SHE IS A GRASS WIDOW

Denounces the Report That Count Lonyay Has Deserted His Royal Spouse as an "Impertinent Rumor."

Dispatch to the "Vienna Tageblatt" Says the Couple Are Together at Villa Khan, Mentone.

VIENNA, Jan. 12.—A "Tageblatt" dispatch from Cape St. Martin, near Mentone, says the report that Count Lonyay has left his wife, the Princess Stephanie, is absolutely untrue. Both are staying at the Villa Khan.

The Countess Lonyay, through an attendant, today sent a telegram from Cape St. Martin to the "Wiener Journal" denying the "impertinent report" that the count had left her.

Newspapers here yesterday asserted that Count Lonyay and his wife, formerly Crown Princess of Austria-Hungary, had resolved to separate. It was said that they had been unhappy for a long time.

Count Lonyay, it was declared, felt humiliated at occupying a place secondary to that of his wife and feared financial ruin in consequence of her exorbitant expenditures.

Emperor Francis Joseph dowered Princess Stephanie with 10,000 florins monthly. Nevertheless the princess considered it necessary, report said, to appeal to her daughter Elizabeth-Marie, now the wife of Prince Othon von Windisch Graetz, to assist her financially. One of the Prague newspapers says

## CLERKS LEVIED ON WHEN SAFE IS FOUND EMPTY

Latecomer Throws Case of Whisky at the Robbers.

CHICAGO, Jan. 12.—There was consternation among the six men in the office of Korbel & Bro. at 6 o'clock last evening when they heard the command: "Hands up!" and looked up to find three masked men standing behind as many revolvers pointed at them. The command was obeyed instantly. One of the three robbers went to the open safe, where he met disappointment. The receipts of the day had all been deposited in bank. He then relieved the six of their money and other valuables, among which were two gold watches.

The trio then left the office, but at the door ran into another employee, who had a case of whisky in his arms. Seeing the masked men, he threw the case at one of them and yelled "Thief!"

At this the leader of the gang fired at him and directed two more shots, none of which took effect, at other employees who came running up.

The burglars ran out of the front door and stuck a piece of wood through the door handle, so that it could not be opened from the inside for several minutes. By the time a report was made to the police the robbers had made good their escape.

## CASE AGAINST DISBROW TO BE OUTLINED TODAY

New Panel of Sixty Men Called to Fill Jury Box.

RIVERHEAD, L. I., Jan. 12.—The prosecution's case against Louis A. Disbrow, on trial for the murder of Clarence Foster and Sarah R. Lawrence, will be presented in outline to the jury this afternoon by District Attorney Livingston Smith just as soon as the jury box is filled.

When the court adjourned at 9 o'clock last night there were eleven jurors in the box, but the panel was exhausted and it was necessary to start on a new panel of sixty laymen in order to obtain the full jury.

## FIRE BURNS PAINTINGS IN GEO. GOULD'S HOME

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Early this morning fire broke out in the home of George Gould, at 615 Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street. Before it was extinguished, many valuable paintings and hangings were destroyed. The loss may reach \$50,000.

"The Cavalier," by Stuart, and portraits of Jay and Kingdon Gould were among the paintings destroyed. Mr. and Mrs. Gould are staying at the Waldorf, and their home was in charge of a private watchman. The fire probably started from a defective flue.

There were seven tenement house fires in the early morning. All were speedily extinguished. Tenants escaped injury.

## FEARING INSANITY, TRAVELING SALESMAN TAKES HIS OWN LIFE

C. L. Gimmelle Plunges From Hotel Window.

### BREAKS GLASS WITH FISTS

Baltimorean Asks Clerk "Do You Think I'm Crazy?" Before Retiring to His Room.

CURRAN L. Gimmelle, a traveling salesman from Baltimore, Md., committed suicide early this morning in the National Hotel, corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Sixth Street.

He first cut his throat with a small penknife. Evidently fearing this attempt would be futile, he plunged through a window in his room and fell almost fifty feet to the pavement on C Street. When found a few moments later, he was breathing his last and died before a surgeon could reach him.

Policeman Hears Crash.

Policeman William J. Quinn heard the crash of glass as Gimmelle broke the window, and hurried in the direction of the noise. As he turned into C Street, from Sixth, he saw the body of the dying man on the pavement, about two feet from the curb. Blowing his police whistle, he called a number of patrolmen to his assistance.

Blood was flowing freely from the cut in Gimmelle's throat and also from a long gash in the side of his head, received, no doubt, when he landed on the pavement. An officer was dispatched for Dr. Grafton D. P. Bailey, 223 John Marshall Place, but before he arrived the man was dead. A patrol wagon was summoned and the body sent to the morgue.

No Motive Apparent.

From papers found on the body Gimmelle represented the Hedley Chocolate Company, 11 South Frederick Street, Baltimore. Nothing contained in these letters indicated he had experienced any trouble with his firm. Several letters pertaining to life insurance were found in his pockets, but nothing was discovered to indicate an intention of taking his life.

The suicide was a young man, well dressed, and apparently about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. He arrived at the National Hotel yesterday morning and engaged a room. Clerk Queen assigned him to 238, a small room on the C Street side of the building. Gimmelle did not remain about the hotel and little attention was paid to him by the employees.

"Do You Think I'm Crazy?"

After dinner last evening he remained about the hotel lobby and wrote a number of letters, which he mailed. About 10:30 o'clock last night he approached the office desk and said to the night clerk, William E. Wood: "Do you think I'm crazy?" The clerk made no reply, as he thought the man was joking. Gimmelle remained at the desk a moment while he scanned the register, and then said he was going to retire.

From indications in the room, Gimmelle did not retire, but laid down on the bed for a time. The mirror in the room stands near the window. From blood stains on the dresser on which the mirror stands, he must have stood before the glass and deliberately plunged the knife into his throat three or four times. After the wounds had been inflicted, Gimmelle turned to the window and, doubtless thinking to end his life the quicker, tried to break the window with his fists and jump out.

Forces Fists Through Glass.

Each sash contains four panes of glass. The two upper panes in the lobby sash were broken, showing where fists had been forced through. Falling to break the wooden pane supporting the glass, he pushed upward, where it fastened at the top, and broke it. The sound of the breaking drew the attention of Police who first thought of burying the officer could reach the hotel Gimmelle plunged open window and fell to. His sample case and a into custody by the turned over to the morgue will be held for the of which has not been was sent his firm, and as he made to have the be more as soon as possible sum of money was found.

## ABRAM HEWITT MAY LIVE

Still Conscious, But Unable to Speak.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Abram Hewitt, who was weaker today than yesterday, though his physicians expect he will live through the day, that a sudden change might end at any time.

Dr. E. L. Keyes, Jr., spoke with his patient. At 9 o'clock the following bulletin was issued:

"Mr. Hewitt passed a quiet night, comfortable and in no danger."

E. L. KEYES.

Dr. Keyes said a change for the may take place at any time.

"Mr. Hewitt is still conscious, said, 'but not so clearly as he was yesterday.'"

## JOHNSON REFUSES FURTHER TESTIMONY

LEGAL OPINION ON WHICH REFUSAL WAS BASED

"In my opinion, the names of the persons from whom you purchase the commodities in which you deal, the quantities which you obtain from them, and the prices which you pay, are strictly and unquestionably your own private affairs, which, under the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Kilbourn vs. Thompson, 103 U. S. 196, neither house of Congress can require you to disclose, without violation of your rights under the Constitution of the United States."

"J. J. DARLINGTON."

## COMMISSION ELICITS NO FIGURES ON COAL PRICES

General Sales Agent an Elusive Witness.

### ROW WITH LAWYER DARROW

Personalities Exchange Which General Wilson Peremptorily Puts an End To.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 12.—Immediately upon the opening of the coal strike commission this morning Thomas F. Torrey, general sales agent for the Delaware and Hudson Company, took the stand. After General Wilson had announced that no testimony regarding freight rates would be heard Commissioner Watkins began his examination.

In answer to leading questions the witness testified that the company had practically no control over the prices in New York. Almost the entire production of their mines was sold to the Hillside Coal and Iron Company and the Erie Company.

Closely questioned by Commissioners Watkins, Wright and Clarke, the witness developed an amazing lack of knowledge concerning his own business. He declared he could not tell what prices his company was now receiving for the coal delivered in Hoboken.

"Mr. Torrey," asked Commissioner Watkins, "can you tell me where the commission can secure the average price of anthracite coal, of all sizes, delivered in New York, for the past ten years? Can you furnish the figures for your company?"

"Well, I guess so," he hesitatingly replied. "I don't know as the company would object to it."

"The question is not as to the company's objection," sternly remarked General Wilson, "but as to your furnishing such figures."

Realizes No Gain.

"The question I wish to ask Commissioner Wright, 'Can the company realize any additional gain from the high prices of coal?'"

"None at all,"

When the witness by Mr. Darrow's peremptory effort and figure Agent T. Neithard said:

Says Further Appearance Before Senate Subcommittee Investigating City's Coal Supply Involves Constitutional Rights.

Openly Charged in Many Quarters That the Coal Road Officials Are in Practical Agreement to Keep Price of the Product Up.

Interstate Commerce Commission May Be Called Upon to Investigate Coal-Carrying Business in View of Grave Accusations.

The question as to the right of the subcommittee of the Senate, which is investigating the coal supply of the city and, incidentally, of the country at large, to compel local dealers to supply information as to their receipts of coal and to whom it is distributed, was brought squarely to an issue this afternoon by V. Baldwin Johnson, who, acting upon the advice of his counsel, J. J. Darlington, forwarded a letter to Senator Stewart declining to answer questions that had been asked him.

Upon the determination of this question will probably rest the question of the future usefulness of the committee. If Mr. Johnson is upheld in his attitude it will mean that investigation along the lines that have already been laid out will be practically abandoned. On the other hand, if it is ascertained that the committee has the power to compel compliance with its demands, investigation will continue.

Mr. Johnson's Letter.

Mr. Johnson submitted to the committee a letter explicitly defining his position. After entering into the question at length he concludes with the following statement:

"With these statements before you, I hope that you will agree with me that my further appearance before your committee is uncalled for, and that I am entitled to the conclusion that I have positively and finally closed any further investigation which involves an invasion of my attorney's rights."

The Senate introduction introduced Stewart to latitude in investigation means.

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